

Shaman's Flower

by JuriAnpan

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Summary: It's been two years Asakura Hao became the 8th Shaman King, suddenly, a messenger from the Great Spirit appeared before him and gave him a challenge that only shaman kings can participate.

Interested, he accepts the challenge to win a beautiful prize. The flower that cannot be touched by mere mortals nor mere shamans, the Queen of Thorns and Hao's new possession. HaoxOC

ENJOY!

Shaman's Flower

_So, this is my very first fanfic here in and I just want to post this entertain myself and for fun. But well, to those who want to read it, hope you'll like it. Thank you in advance and enjoy!

:D:D_

_ - JuriAnpanmeansJuri'sbread _

This fanfiction is about the 8th Shaman King, Hao Asakura and my OC. Imagination rules whenever it comes out of its hiding place. And I would love to pair real anime characters to my own creations. Mwhahahahaha...by the way, enjoy. R&R please if you like.

****Chapter 1: Proclamation of the Game****

The empty space was filled with a single ray of light, no other movement can be seen around it nor things that would make it more appealing to the eyes of others. Yet, there in the middle of all the stillness, a huge but simple stone chair stood. A young man, skinny as he is, with long flaxen brown hair draping from the arms of the chair until the empty floor and a gentle yet lonely expression written all over his face sat on that very chair. No doubt, even being just a shaman king for three years shouldering more responsibilities for the shaman and the non-shaman kinds which he despises can weary a man soul.

Sometimes, he would wonder what is happening to all those people that

destroyed his plans and made him surrender to the whims of the humanity and as if he's not the shaman king, well, he knew that they're doing just well. Yes, he knew that his other half, another part of his being was living contently together with his friends, his spirit medium and with his newly made family. Ah, yes, he's little brother was no more 'little' he presumes, to think that he would be more forward to life than him. He is now with his fiancée- Anna, once young, bold, sharp-tongued but despite all of these, she was still fragile, shy and mostly beautiful and he believed that they had a child, a boy named Hana.

'A family, huh?' He wanted to laugh, why was he thinking of things such as family? No, he was not yearning for that and he was not hoping that he'll experience any of that pleasant emotions. He is more capable to destroy a world and more fit to rule the whole world but there was never a "family" that entered his mind...not until now.

He sighed, being alone in an empty space and heck bored will really make your mind think of stupid things such as what he was even thinking now.

>He tried to shoo away the lingering thoughts at the back of his mind and again, do his job a little more seriously. He was slightly startled yet he didn't show it, when a messenger in a form of a spirit ball appeared in front of him. The ball of spirit flickered the color of gold and red as it introduce himself to Hao.<p>

"Greetings! 8th! I, the Spirit Messenger of the Highest Order have a message for you from the Great Spirit himself!"

Hao furrowed his brows, this was unusual, never did the great spirit make communication to shaman kings themselves because they are already a part of the great spirit himself! But why would a messenger suddenly appear in front of him? Why not telling him directly? He thought that this may be a trick, a trap from other kings that are against to his once proud ideals and principles. 'Those worthless scums...are they setting me up?' Hao thought but was distracted when the spirit ball chuckled with mixed voices.

"Rest assured you are not being tricked, 8th. I'am real, the message I'll relay is real and the shaman kings all have heard them except you." With this, Hao, a little doubtful put his arm on the armchair and lean on it. "Then, tell me this important notice from the great spirit!" Hao said with a smirk plastered on his face. It is true it is unusual but he had the feeling of excitement and tension from it.

"Hear, the message of the Great One! He said: "I have seen my favorite flower wither through the eons, she walks the path I laid for her all her life. She wither in winter and grow every full moon of spring and I don't want to see her repeat the cycle all over again. Therefore, I made a game-a challenge to all the shaman kings, the only worthy and qualified beings to touch and own this flower for themselves. If they win her, she will be placed under the care of her new master's garden and do to her what is right for the master. She will be his beautiful treasure, the most important among all golds and gems the shaman king owns."

As the messenger relayed the message, the more Hao listens the more

his eyes sparkled with faint interest and delight. 'What an interesting event and a wonderful prize', he thought. Never did Hao again experienced the adrenaline until now and for all means, he was willing to take the step.

"I hereby ask thy majesty, do you take the challenge the Great Spirit has prepared for all those are qualified to enter?"

With a wide grin, Hao stood up and proudly said: "I accept the challenge."

And with a one swift burst of light from the messenger, Hao was engulfed to a hole of light and the messenger proclaiming the start of the game.

End
file.